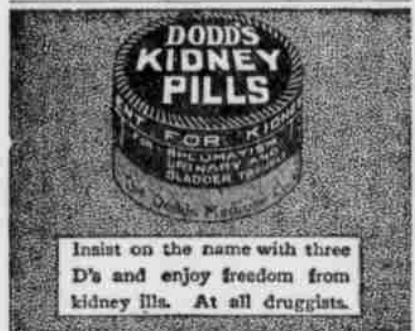


## IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published? Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.—The result of its long experience is at your service.



## Help wanted by many women

If a woman suffers from such ailments as Backache, Headache, Lassitude and Nervousness—the symptoms indicate the need for PISO's Tablets, a valuable healing remedy with antiseptic, astringent and tonic properties. A local application simple but effective—response comes quickly causing refreshing relief with invigorating effects. Backed by the name PISO established over 50 years, satisfaction is guaranteed.

**PISO'S TABLETS**  
Sold Everywhere 60 Cents  
Sample Mailed Free—address postcard THE PISO COMPANY  
400 PISO BLVD. Warren, Pa.

Could Arrange That Matter. Of the diplomatic circles in France is a delightful woman whose English is still French. She was urging an officer of the navy to attend a ball, the invitation to which he had already declined.

"I can't," he protested; "I have burned my bridges behind me."

"Oh," she replied. "I will lend you some of Henri's."—Montreal Herald.

**Pimpily Rash Skins**  
Quickly soothed and healed by Cuticura often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

All the Amount. "Well, Hardup, did you raise anything on your promise to pay?"

"Sure; I raised a smile."



## MARCH TO VICTORY

Courage is a matter of the blood. Without good red blood a man has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, generally weak, tired and listless, one should take a spring tonic. One that will do the spring house-cleaning, an old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by everybody nearly 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. It is made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Oregon Grape root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark—extracted with glycerine and made into liquid or tablets. This blood tonic was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready-to-use form and since then has been sold by million bottles as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep this in tablet form, send 50 cents for a vital to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Kidney disease carries away a large percentage of our people. What is to be done? The answer is easy. Eat less meat, eat coarse, plain food, with plenty of vegetables, drink plenty of water between meals, and take an uric acid solvent after meals for a while. Such as Anuric (double strength), obtainable at almost any drug store. It was first discovered by Dr. Pierce. Most every one troubled with uric acid finds that Anuric dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. You can obtain a trial package by sending ten cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y.

# North of Fifty-Three

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

(Copyright: Little, Brown & Co.)

## BUSH'S THREATS TO MAKE HAZEL SUFFER FOR HER REJECTION OF HIS PROPOSAL ARE FOUND NOT TO HAVE BEEN IDLY MADE

**Synopsis.**—Miss Hazel Weir is employed as a stenographer in the office of Harrington & Bush at Granville, Ontario. She is engaged to Jack Barrow, a young real estate agent. Mr. Bush, Hazel's employer, suddenly notices her attractiveness and at once makes her his private stenographer. After three months Bush proposes marriage. Hazel refuses, and after a stormy scene, in which Bush warns her he will make her sorry of her action, Hazel leaves the office, never to return.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

Hazel stared, aghast, astounded. She was not at all sorry; she was perhaps a trifle ashamed. But the humor of the thing appealed to her most strongly of all. In spite of herself, she smiled as she reached once more for her hat. And this time Mr. Bush did not attempt to restrain her.

She breathed a sigh of relief when she had gained the street, and she did not in the least care if her departure during business hours excited any curiosity in the main office. Moreover, she was doubly glad to be away from Bush.

"He looked perfectly devilish," she told herself. "My, I loathe that man! He is dangerous. Marry him? The idea!"

She knew that she must have cut him deeply in a man's tenderest spot—his self-esteem. But just how well she had gauged the look and possibilities of Mr. Andrew Bush, Hazel scarcely realized.

"I won't tell Jack," she reflected. "He'd probably want to thrash him. And that would stir up a lot of horrid talk. Dear me, that's one experience I don't want repeated. I wonder if he made court to his first wife in that high-handed, love-me-or-I'll-beat-you-to-death fashion?"

She laughed when she caught herself scrubbing vigorously with her handkerchief at the place where his lips had touched her cheek. She was primitive enough in her instincts to feel a trifle glad of having retaliated in what her training compelled her to consider a "perfectly hygienic" manner. But she could not deny that it had proved wonderfully effective.

### CHAPTER II.

#### "I Do Give and Bequeath."

When Jack Barrow called again, which happened to be that very evening, Hazel told him simply that she had left Harrington & Bush, without entering into any explanation except the general one that she had found it impossible to get on with Mr. Bush in her new position. And Jack, being more concerned with her than with her work, gave the matter scant consideration.

This was on a Friday. The next forenoon Hazel went downtown. When she returned, a little before eleven, the maid of all work was putting the last touches to her room. The girl pointed to an oblong package on a chair.

"That came for you a little while ago, Miss Weir," she said. "Mr. Bush's carriage brought it."

"Mr. Bush's carriage!" Hazel echoed. "Yes'm. Regular swell turnout, with a footman in brown livery. My, you could see the girls peeping all along the square when it stopped at our door. It quite flustered the missus."

The girl lingered a second, curiosity writ large on her countenance. Plainly she wished to discover what Miss Hazel Weir would be getting in a package that was delivered in so aristocratic a manner. But Hazel was in no mood to gratify anyone's curiosity. She was angry at the presumption of Mr. Andrew Bush. It was an excellent way of subjecting her to remark.

She drew off her gloves, and, laying aside her hat, picked up a newspaper, and began to read. The girl, with no excuse for lingering, reluctantly gathered up her broom and dustpan, and departed. When she was gone, and not till then, Miss Weir investigated the parcel.

Roses—two dozen long-stemmed La Frances—filled the room with their delicate odor when she removed the pasteboard cover. And set edgewise among the stems she found his card. Miss Weir turned up her small nose.

"I wonder if he sends these as a sort of peace offering?" she snorted. "I wonder if a few hours of reflection has made him realize just how exceedingly childish he acted? Well, Mr. Bush, I'll return your unwelcome gift—though they are beautiful flowers."

And she did forthwith, squandering 40 cents on a messenger boy to deliver them to Mr. Bush at his office. She wished him to labor under no misapprehension as to her attitude.

The next day—Sunday—she spent with Jack Barrow on a visit to his cousin in a nearby town. They parted, as was their custom, at the door. It was still early in the evening—eight-thirty, or thereabouts—and Hazel went into the parlor on the first floor. Mrs. Stout and one of her boarders sat here chatting, and at Hazel's entrance the landlady greeted her with a starry bit of news:

"Evenin', Miss Weir. 'Ave you 'eard about Mr. Bush, pore gentleman?"

"Mr. Bush? No. What about him?"

"'E was 'art shockin' bad this aft'noon," Mrs. Stout related. "Out 'orse back ridin', and 'is 'orse ran away with 'im, and fell on 'im. Fell all of a 'cap, they say. Terrible—terrible! The pore man isn't expected to live."

"Is back's broke, they say. Wat a pity! Shockin' accident, indeed."

Miss Weir voiced perfunctory sympathy, as was expected of her, seeing that she was an employee of the firm—or had been lately. But close upon that she escaped to her own room. She did not relish sitting there discussing Mr. Andrew Bush.

Nevertheless she kept thinking of him long after she went to bed. She was not at all vindictive, and his misfortune, the fact—if the report were true—that he was facing his end, stirred her pity.

The report of his injury was verified in the morning papers. By evening it had pretty well passed out of Hazel's mind. She had more pleasant concerns. Jack Barrow dropped in about six-thirty to ask if she wanted to go with him to a concert during the week. They were sitting in the parlor, by a front window, chattering to each other, but not so engrossed that they failed to notice a carriage drawn by two splendid grays pull up at the front gate. The footman, in brown livery, got down and came to the door. Hazel knew the carriage. She had seen Mr. Andrew Bush abroad in it many a time. She wondered if there was some further annoyance in store for her, and frowned at the prospect.

She heard Mrs. Stout answer the bell in person. There was a low murmur of voices. Then the landlady appeared in the parlor doorway, the footman behind her.

"This is the lady," Mrs. Stout indicated Hazel. "A message for you, Miss Weir."

The liveried person bowed and extended an envelope. "I was instructed to deliver this to you personally," he said, and lingered as if he looked for further instructions.

Hazel looked at the envelope. She could not understand why, under the circumstances, any message should come to her through such a medium. But there was her name inscribed. She glanced up. Mrs. Stout gazed past the footman with an air of frank anticipation. Jack also was looking. But the landlady caught Hazel's glance and backed out the door, and Hazel opened the letter.

The note was brief and to the point:

Miss Weir: Mr. Bush, being seriously injured and unable to write, bids me say that he is very anxious to see you. He sends his carriage to convey you here. His physicians fear that he will not survive the night, hence he begs of you to come. Very truly,  
ETHEL R. WATSON,  
Nurse in Waiting.

"The idea! Of course I won't! I wouldn't think of such a thing!" Hazel exclaimed.

"Just a second," she said to the footman.

Over on the parlor mantel lay some sheets of paper and envelopes. She borrowed a pencil from Barrow and



Barrow Glanced Over the Missive and Frowned.

scribed a brief refusal. The footman departed with her answer. Hazel turned to find Jack staring his puzzlement.

"What did he want?" Barrow asked bluntly. "That was the Bush turnout, wasn't it?"

"You heard about Mr. Bush getting hurt, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Saw it in the paper. Why?"

"Nothing, except that he is supposed to be dying—and he wanted to see me. At least—well, read the note," Hazel answered.

Barrow glanced over the missive and frowned.

"What do you suppose he wanted you for?" he asked.

"How should I know?" Hazel evaded. "Seems funny," he remarked slowly.

"Oh, let's forget it," Hazel came and sat down on the couch by him. "I don't know of any reason why he should want to see me. It was certainly a peculiar request for him to make. But that's no reason why he should let it bother us. If he's really so badly hurt, the chances are he's out of his head. Don't scowl at that bit of paper so, Johnnie-boy."

Barrow laughed and kissed her, and the subject was dropped forthwith. Later they went out for a short walk. In an hour or so Barrow left for home, promising to have the concert tickets for Thursday night.

Hazel took the note out of her belt and read it again when she reached her room. Why should he want to see her? She wondered at the man's persistence. He had insulted her, according to her view of it—doubly insulted her with threats and an enforced caress. Perhaps he merely wanted to beg her pardon; she had heard of men doing such things in their last moments. But she could not conceive of Mr. Andrew Bush being sorry for anything he did. And so she could not grasp the reason for that eleventh-hour summons. But she could see that a repetition of such incidents might put her in a queer light. Other folk might begin to wonder and inquire why Mr. Andrew Bush took such an "interest" in her—a mere stenographer. Well, she told herself, she did not care—so long as Jack Barrow's ears were not assailed by talk. She smiled at that, for she could picture the reception any scandal peddler would get from him.

The next day's papers contained the obituary of Mr. Andrew Bush. He had died shortly after midnight. And despite the fact that she held no grudge, Hazel felt a sense of relief. He was powerless to annoy or persecute her, and she could not escape the conviction that he would have attempted both had he lived.

She had now been idle a matter of days. Nearly three months were yet to elapse before her wedding.

It seemed scarcely while to look for another position. She had enough money saved to do everything she wanted to do. It was not so much lack of money, the need to earn, as the monotony of idleness that irked her. She had acquired the habit of work, and that is a thing not lightly shaken off. But during that day she gathered together the different Granville papers, and went carefully over the "want" columns. Knowing the town as she did, she was enabled to eliminate the unlikely, undesirable places. Thus by evening she was armed with a list of firms and individuals requiring a stenographer. And in the morning she sallied forth.

Her quest ended with the first place she sought. The fact of two years' service with the biggest firm in Granville was ample recommendation; in addition to which the office manager, it developed in their conversation, had known her father in years gone by. So before ten o'clock Miss Hazel Weir was entered on the payroll of a furniture-manufacturing house. It was not a permanent position; one of their girls had been taken ill and was likely to take up her duties again in six weeks or two months. But that suited Hazel all the better. She could put in the time usefully, and have a breathing spell before her wedding.

Three days went by. Hazel attended the concert with Jack the evening of the day Mr. Andrew Bush received ostentatious burial. At ten the next morning the telephone girl called her.

"Someone wants you on the phone, Miss Weir," she said.

Hazel took up the dangling receiver. "Hello!"

"That you, Hazel?"

She recognized the voice, half guessing it would be he, since no one but Jack Barrow would be likely to ring her up.

"Surely. Doesn't it sound like me?"

"Have you seen the morning papers?"

"No. What?"

"Look 'em over. Particularly the Gazette."

The harsh rattle of a receiver slammed back on its hook without even a "good-by" from him struck her like a slap in the face. She hung up slowly, and went back to her work. Never since their first meeting, and they had not been exempt from lovers' quarrels, had Jack Barrow ever spoken to her like that. Even through the telephone the resentful note in his voice grated on her and mystified her.

She was chained to her work—which, despite her agitation, she managed to wade through without any radical errors—until noon. The twelve-to-one intermission gave her opportunity to hurry up the street and buy a Gazette. Then, instead of going home to her luncheon, she entered the nearest restaurant. She wanted a chance to read more than food. She did not unfold the paper until she was seated.

A column heading on the front page caught her eye. The caption read: "Andrew Bush Leaves Money to Stenographer." And under it the sub-head: "Wealthy Manufacturer Makes Peculiar Bequest to Miss Hazel Weir."

The story ran a full column, and had to do with his interment. There was a great deal of matter about the principal beneficiaries. But that which formed the basis of the heading was a codicil appended to the will a few hours before his death, in which he did "give and bequeath to Hazel Weir, until lately in my employ, the sum of five thousand dollars in repayment for any wrong I may have done her."

Hazel stared at the sheet, and her face burned. She could understand now why Jack Barrow had hung up his receiver with a slam. She could picture him reading that article and

gritting his teeth. Her hands clenched till the knuckles stood white under the smooth skin, and then quite abruptly she got up and left the restaurant even while a waiter hurried to take her order. If she had been a man, and versed in profanity, she could have cursed Andrew Bush till his soul shuddered on its journey through infinite space. Being a woman, she wished only a quiet place to cry.

CHAPTER III.

### An Explanation Demanded.

Hazel's pride came to her rescue before she was half-way home. Instinctively she had turned to that refuge, where she could lock herself in her own room and cry her protest against it all. But she had done no wrong, nothing of which to be ashamed, and when the first shock of the news article wore off, she threw up her head and refused to consider what the world at large might think. So she went back to the office at one o'clock and took up her work. Long before evening she sensed that others had read the Gazette. Not that anyone mentioned it, but sundry curious glances made her painfully aware of the fact.

She had just reached the first landing of her boarding house when she heard the telephone bell, and a second or two later the landlady called.

"Oh, Miss Weir! Telephone."

Barrow's voice hailed her over the line.

"I'll be out by seven," said he. "We had better take a walk. We can't talk in the parlor; there'll probably be a lot of old tables there out of sheer curiosity."

"All right," Hazel agreed, and hung up.

She dressed herself. Unconsciously the truly feminine asserted its dominance—the woman anxious to please and propitiate her lover. She put on a dainty summer dress, rearranged her hair, powdered away all trace of the tears that insisted on coming as soon as she reached the sanctuary of her own room. And then she watched for Jack from a window that commanded the street.

Barrow appeared at last. She went down to meet him before he rang the bell. Just behind him came a tall man in a gray suit. This individual turned in at the gate, bestowing a nod upon Barrow and a keen glance at her as he passed.

"That's Grinnell, from the Times," Barrow muttered sourly. "Come on; let's get away from here. I suppose he's after you for an interview."

Hazel turned in beside him silently. Right at the start she found herself resenting Barrow's tone, his manner. She had done nothing to warrant suspicion from him. But she loved him, and she hoped she could convince him that it was no more than a passing unpleasantness, for which she was no wise to blame.

"Hang it!" Barrow growled, before they had traversed the first block. "Here comes Grinnell! I suppose that old cat of a landlady pointed us out. No dodging him now."

"There's no earthly reason why I should dodge him, as you put it," Hazel replied stiffly. "I'm not an escaped criminal."

American exporters of pickled fish are asked to communicate with a firm in British Guiana.

## KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything. According to verified testimony it is a sure great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

## Soap Savers.

More use should be made of rain water when procurable and hard water may be softened by boiling it and then leaving it exposed to the air out of doors for a while. The effect of these precautions will be good for the skin and thrifty in soap usage.

By the simple practice of drying soap before using it a large saving will be effected. The bars or tablets may be placed in an airing cupboard for a few days, or anywhere in moderate heat, piled not one bar on another, but with space between.

## THE GREAT WAR HAS MADE CIGARETTES A NECESSITY.

"Our boys must have their smokes. Send them cigarettes!" This is a familiar appeal now to all of us.

Among those most in demand is the now famous "toasted" cigarette—LUCKY STRIKE. Thousands of this favorite brand have been shipped to France. There is something homelike and friendly to the boys in the sight of the familiar green packages with the red circle.

This homelike, appetizing quality of the LUCKY STRIKE cigarette is largely due to the fact that the Burley tobacco used in making it has been toasted. "It's toasted" was the "slogan" that made a great success of LUCKY STRIKE in less than a year. Now the American Tobacco Co. is making 15 million LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes a day.

A good part of this immense production is making its way across the water to cheer our boys.—Adv.

## Chance for Promotion.

A first lieutenant in the depot troops has many negroes in his company. They have an idea that a sergeant is a high officer.

One negro said to the lieutenant one day: "Sergeant, you sho is good."

The officer responded, "I am not a sergeant."

"I know, boss, but some day you will be."

## BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

## Saving Infants' Lives.

The city of Buffalo is making a winning fight against blindness caused by ophthalmia neonatorum. It is using preventative measures like those employed in Chicago in accordance with the Illinois state law on the subject.

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription which—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

## Better All.

June—So that is his better half? Jane—Yes, and 40 per cent of the rest.

## How's This?

We offer \$100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 50c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

An entertaining man says but little, but listens impressively.

## When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO